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many bright names which illuminate this part of the naval history of England, his shines the brightest of all.—Wherever the cannon thundered on the deep, it might be said there was Nelson. When early in 1793 he presented his claim for a pension, in consequence of the loss of his right arm in an attack on Teneriffe, he stated in his memorial, that he had been engaged against the enemy upwards of one hundred and twenty times. On occasion of receiving that wound, which would have proved fatal but for the filial affection of his son-in-law, Lieutenant Nesbitt, he came home to England: and Mr. Southey, who has related the story of his life with singular fascination, gives the following anecdote, in illustration of the popular feeling with which he was regarded by the public, alike honourable to all the parties concerned:—

"His sufferings from the lost limb were long and painful. He had scarcely any intermission of pain day or night for three months after his return to England. Lady Nelson, at his earnest request, attended the dressings of his arm, until she had acquired sufficient resolution and skill to dress it herself. One night, after a day of constant pain, Nelson retired early to bed, in hope of enjoying some respite by means of laudanum. He was at that time lodging in Bond-street, and the family was soon disturbed by a mob knocking loudly and violently at the door. The news of Duncan's victory had been made public, and the house was not illuminated. But when the mob were told that Admiral Nelson lay there in bed, badly wounded, the foremost of them made answer, 'You shall hear no more from us this night.' And, in fact, the feeling of respect and sympathy was communicated from one to the other with such effect, that, even under the confusion of such a night, the house was not molested again."

Nelson's greatest victories were those of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. The first was gained on the 1st of August, 1798, and effected the complete destruction of the enemy's force—all their ships, except two, being either captured or sunk. For this brilliant achievement he was elevated to the Peerage, by the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile.

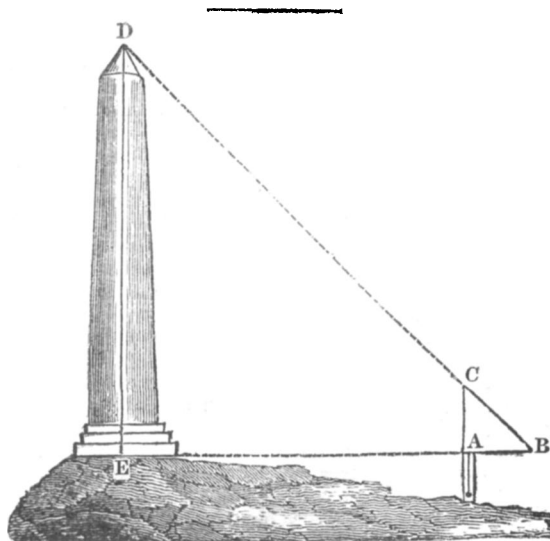
At the battle of Copenhagen, fought on the 1st of April, 1801, although acting in a subordinate station, yet the glorious results must be mainly attributed to him. Here he gave an evidence of his personal coolness and intrepidity in the midst of danger, that strongly marked his character, and deserves to be recorded. About one o'clock, Sir Hyde Parker perceiving that the enemy's fire was not slackened, began to despair of success, and thinking it his duty to save what he could of the fleet; made the signal for retreat; but Lord Nelson, who was at that moment in the heat of action on the quarter-deck, paid no attention to it. When informed by Captain Foley that the signal was made to leave off action—"You know, Foley," replied the hero, "I have only one eye—I have a right to be blind sometimes;" and then putting the glass to his blind eye, he exclaimed, "I really do not see the signal. Keep mine for closer battle flying!—Nail it to the mast!" and continued the action.

The battle of Trafalgar was fought on the 21st of October, 1805; and there this renowned captain fell, amidst the blaze of the most splendid triumph ever gained upon the seas.

The intelligence of this great victory, (which entirely crushed the combined naval power of France and Spain,) was received in England with mingled feelings of admiration and sorrow. His Majesty, in particular, was so affected when informed of the death of Lord Nelson, that he is said to have exclaimed, "We have lost more than we have gained!" The same feeling was manifested by persons of every description. None of those enthusiastic emotions generally produced by our great naval victories were observable on this occasion; and the prevailing wish seemed to be, to manifest their gratitude to the deceased hero by conferring on his relatives those honours and rewards which the nation would with rapture have bestowed on himself, if he had lived to enjoy his triumph. The dignities of a Viscount and Earl were conferred on his brother, the Rev. Edward Nelson, by the titles of Viscount Merton and Earl Nelson of Trafalgar. A pension of £6 000 a year was settled upon him; and £120,000 was

granted for the purchase of an estate, to support the dignity of a title so nobly acquired. To the widow of Lord Nelson £2,000 a year was granted; and £10,000 to each of his sisters. A public funeral was decreed, and a monument was ordered to be erected in St. Paul's Church; besides which, statues and other memorials of this illustrious man were voted by several of the principal cities in the British empire.

The funeral honours paid to Lord Nelson were at once calculated to gratify the eye and impress the heart. He was attended to the grave by the seven sons of his sovereign—the chief nobility and gentry of the empire—and a long train of heroes, many of them the companions of his danger and his glory. Never were honours more deserved. Never were the characters of the hero and the patriot more happily blended than in the person of Lord Nelson; and never were great talents exercised with more brilliant success, or directed to the attainment of more useful ends. In reference to Nelson's character as an officer, Mr. Southey says, "Never was any commander more beloved. He governed men by their reason and their affections. They knew that he was incapable of caprice or tyranny; and they obeyed him with alacrity and joy, because he possessed their confidence as well as their love. 'Our Nel,' they used to say, 'is as brave as a lion, and as gentle as a lamb.' Severe discipline he detested, though he had been bred in a severe school. He never inflicted corporal punishment if it were possible to avoid it; and when compelled to enforce it, he who was familiar with wounds and death suffered like a woman. In his whole life Nelson was never known to act unkindly towards an officer. If he was asked to prosecute one for ill-behaviour, he used to answer, 'That there was no occasion for him to ruin a poor devil, who was sufficiently his own enemy to ruin himself.' To his midshipmen he ever showed the most winning kindness—encouraging the diffident, tempering the hasty, counselling and befriending both." The same author adds—"He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and example which are at this hour inspiring hundreds of the youth of England: a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength."



EASY METHOD OF MEASURING HEIGHTS.

The following very simple method which occurred to me for ascertaining the height of any (erect) inaccessible object, I have tried and found to answer very well; and should you deem it a fit subject for your very useful and widely circulated Journal, it is at your service.

Procure a piece of board of any convenient thickness, say half an inch, which make into a triangular form, as appears in the prefixed diagram, having the angle A a right angle, and each side subtending that angle equal, and from six to twelve inches in length; then along the side AC, which is called the perpendicular, attach or continue

a piece of wood to answer as a supporting leg, and in that leg hang a little plummet to show when the side ΔC is erect. Then by placing it near the object, and moving it either forward or backward, until the sight glanced along the side BC (which then forms an imaginary line as BCD) comes in contact with the top of the object. At the same time observe at what part of the base of the object the imaginary line continued along the side BA (as BAE) comes in contact, then the distance from B to E , or from where you stand to the base, is the exact height from that base to the top, as must appear obvious to any person possessing a slight knowledge of geometry.

N. B.—If it be a building, or any object of a conical or obelisk form, then the imaginary base line should be taken to the centre of one side. E. H.

REMINISCENCES OF A ROCKITE.

(Continued from page 12.)*

THE FACTION FIGHT.

The still-hunting party which had alarmed us so much at the pooten-house (which, by the bye, was utterly destroyed on the day after,) having called at my house for assistance in their progress, without finding me at home, suspicions as to my ways and haunts were whispered rather unfavourably among the neighbouring magistrates, and I was placed under a system of espionage, which only had the effect of compelling me to use greater secrecy and caution for the future. Thus the few meetings that took place under these circumstances, partook less and less of that drunken, reckless character which our former assemblies had exhibited; we met as desperadoes whose every act was watched, and the ferocity which at first only existed in the suspicions of our rulers, began gradually to find room in our breasts, from the consciousness of our being suspected. At the time of which I write, party spirit was just as high in Ireland as ever it was, and as ever it will be: and the little town in the neighbourhood of which I lived, was the focus of, perhaps, the fiercest and most ungovernable factions that existed then in our land of ire. A large fair was shortly to be held in it; and instinct, or a busy body, whichever you like, informed each party privately that they were to be attacked by the other, and murdered during the confusion and confidence of the occasion. This was not long reaching the local authorities, and every precaution which at the time was available was used to prevent bloodshed; but on the morning of the fair the quiet appearance of the peasantry, the circumstance so unusual of their coming without sticks, together with the immense quantity of women who accompanied them, (the very worst sign, if they knew but all,) lulled the magistracy into such security, that the measures at first taken were laid aside for the moment, and only not utterly abandoned from their negligence or indolence. In this state affairs stood until about noon, when they underwent a change as sudden to all parties, as it was fatal to me. About that time, a man of gigantic stature and make rushed yelling and bloody from one of the tents near which I was standing—his clothes, different in their colour, texture, and fashion, from those of the peasantry, as well as the general interest he excited among the towns-people, proclaimed him a mechanic of their body. It was not until some time after that I learned he was their champion, the redoubted Mosey M'Neil. He was a northern weaver, deeply imbued with northern notions, and with little, very little, of northern honesty, for he was known over the whole country as a sheep-stealer. However, his superior skill as a craftsman in a trade to which the lower order of Protestants in that district almost to a man belonged, as well as his immense strength, and high party spirit, gained for him the precedence in all matters of faction, or even of common life. No wonder, then, that the appearance of such a man, in such a state, was sufficient warning of an approaching combat, to all those versed in the signs and tokens of an Irish row. It seems he was drinking in a tent with a mixed party,

and having become a little heated with liquor, upbraided some one with being a rebel; to which it was at once answered, that "Anyhow, it was dacinter to be a rebel nor a sheep-stealer." This allusion to his well known avocation not pleasing Mosey, he struck the man a blow, and in return got what is technically called a licking. Burning with rage, he hurried home for his arms, followed by his whole party; for the story had already spread through the town like wildfire, with, of course, some few additions to whet the appetite of those inclined to peace. Nor were the leaders of the other party so remiss in the necessary preparations as had been expected, or as appearances seemed to tell. On the preceding evening, large bundles of sticks had been deposited by trusty messenger in the areas and other secret places about town, alike for security and concealment; which, during the first moments of the disturbance, while the authorities were paralysed by their danger, the leaders took the opportunity of bringing to light, and dividing the concealed treasures among the eager expectants; while the few, who from the insufficiency of the supply, were left unarmed, flew to the girls, who, dear creatures, never saw a good fight yet spoiled for want of a stick or a stone, and had, accordingly, each brought with them under their cloaks, a good serviceable wattle, only for fear that Barney, or Micky, or Paddy, or any body, might want one. All stood now armed and ready for battle, to the amount of two or three hundred; to resist them, or attempt dispersing them, were mere madness, so that magistrates, constables, soldiers, and all who were not closely interested in the fray, flew from the dangerous arena to whatever house was open to them. Nor had they many choices, for at the moment of Mosey's sudden appearance every inhabitant of the town, well aware from habit of what was coming on, closed up shops, windows, doors; in fine, almost every access to the lower part of their houses, never opening them save for the admission of some near relative or peculiar favourite, and that only during the comparative quiet that existed before the actual collision of the conflicting parties; it but too often happening, that the fight raged even to the very garret of that house which might have been incautiously left open for the overpowered fugitive to seek as a refuge. From an idea of superior security, I was the last disinterested person that quitted the street, and was just about seeking an asylum at the little inn where my horse was stabled, when my old comrades, observing me sneak from among them, rushed forward, and pulled me into the very middle of the crowd, and with one universal shout of exultation, elected me their leader. My brain swam when I contemplated my dangerous eminence. I expostulated, I prayed; but the shouts made it useless—they did not understand my signs, and they could not hear my voice. Twenty or thirty offered me their sticks, each praising his own, and claiming for it the honour of my choice. The handiest wattle in the whole party was chosen for me, and placed in my unresisting hand amid the almost deafening whoops of my partizans, and to the surprise of those who viewed the scene from the windows above us. Scarce was the election completed when a dark mass and loud shouts at the other end of the town announced the approach of our adversaries, bristling with bayonets, pitchforks, and old swords, while not a few added to their imposing appearance by an old gun, rescued for the occasion from the dust and cobwebs in which it had lain perhaps for the last century. But the figure that moved in front arrested and claimed my whole attention. It was Mosey again—the marks of his recent discomfiture still crimsoning his upper person, and rendered more awful by the host of bad passions indicated on his brow, as well as the immense show of bone and muscle that appeared beneath his tattered shirt, for that bloodstained habiliment and his trowsers were the only covering that he retained. He strode some feet in front of his party, brandishing a rusty sword, which from its length and rude magnitude, appeared as if the genius of antiquity herself had preserved it for his special use, as the best and only image of her own darling giants. The scene altogether was almost new to me; need I say, the situation was utterly so. All combined, deprived me of sense or thought; I merely recollect a wild rushing of the combatants—the yells now of victory, now of defeat,

* Circumstances, which it is needless here to detail, prevented our before giving the continuation of this story. In our next number, we shall accompany the outlaw to the mountains, where we must leave him for the present.